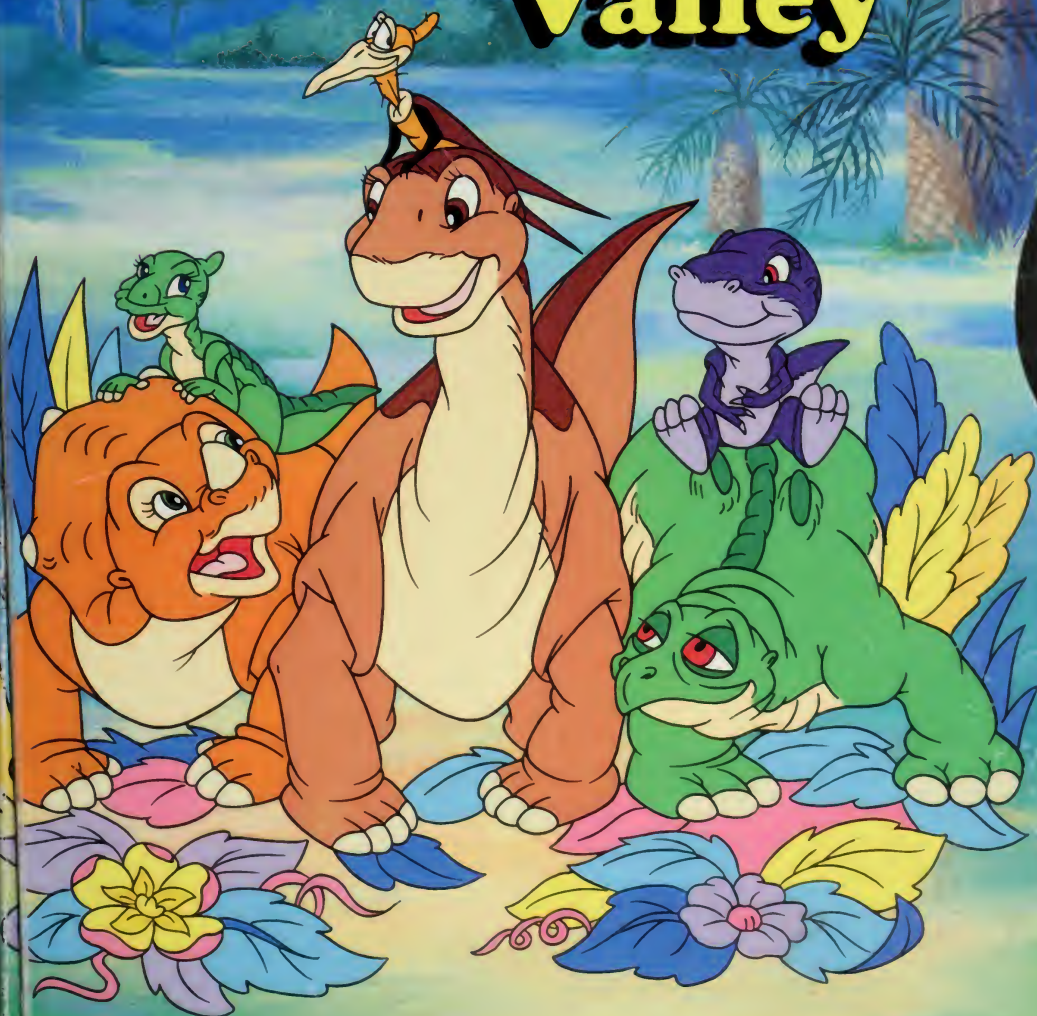


A PLAYTIME BOARD BOOK



The Great, Beautiful Valley





"I wish there was no such thing as rain!" Cera grumbled up at the sky.

"Rain, rain . . . go away," muttered Petrie as he slumped on Littlefoot's head.

"It's going to rain forever!" sighed Littlefoot, so deeply that Petrie almost fell right off.



"Rain is too, too wet . . . it is!" shivered Ducky from underneath a huge mushroom.

Just then the thunder crashed, waking Spike from his nap. Startled, his big left foot flopped heavily into a nearby puddle, splashing poor Ducky with mud.

"Oh, yuck!" she sputtered.



Littlefoot's Grandma, who was doing her best to keep everyone's mind off the gloomy weather, gently wiped off Ducky's face.

"And what would you do if there was no rain?" she asked.



They all closed their eyes and imagined a day warm with the golden light of the Bright Circle. They each knew exactly where they would go AND what they would do. As usual, Cera spoke up first.



“I would go to the Thundering Falls and ram into trees like the big three horns,” Cera boasted, then quickly added, “AND chase down a sharptooth.”

“Me fly to cliffs and watch Mountains That Burn,” said Petrie, his eyes shut tight.



"I would look for adventures in the forest," said Littlefoot.

"Yeah . . . adventures!" Cera grinned, in a way that usually spelled trouble.

"And swim in water," Ducky chimed in.

Even Spike smiled, picturing himself lying in the shade by the stream.

“But without rain,” said Grandma, looking out over the Valley, “there would be no Thundering Falls.”

“No falls?” gasped Cera.

“There would be no trees,” said Grandma.

“No trees?” asked Littlefoot.

“And of course, there would be no swimming,” Grandma said.



**And for once, even Ducky couldn't speak.
"Is that true?" Littlefoot asked quietly,
snuggling up to his Grandmother's side.
"I'm afraid so, Little One," she answered.
"Everything would dry up and die without
the rain. We would have to leave The Great
Valley."**





For a moment, Littlefoot looked out over The Great Valley. He remembered that before they had found this beautiful place, he'd never seen such deep forests and bubbling streams. And he had never seen a rain storm quite like this one, which taught him how all things on earth needed to be cared for.



“Maybe . . . maybe I don’t REALLY hate the rain,” said Cera.

“Maybe rain IS good,” added Petrie.

Littlefoot looked down into the puddle at his feet. His Grandmother’s reflection was smiling up at him, and in-between the rain-drops (which seemed to be slowing down), Littlefoot smiled right back.



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